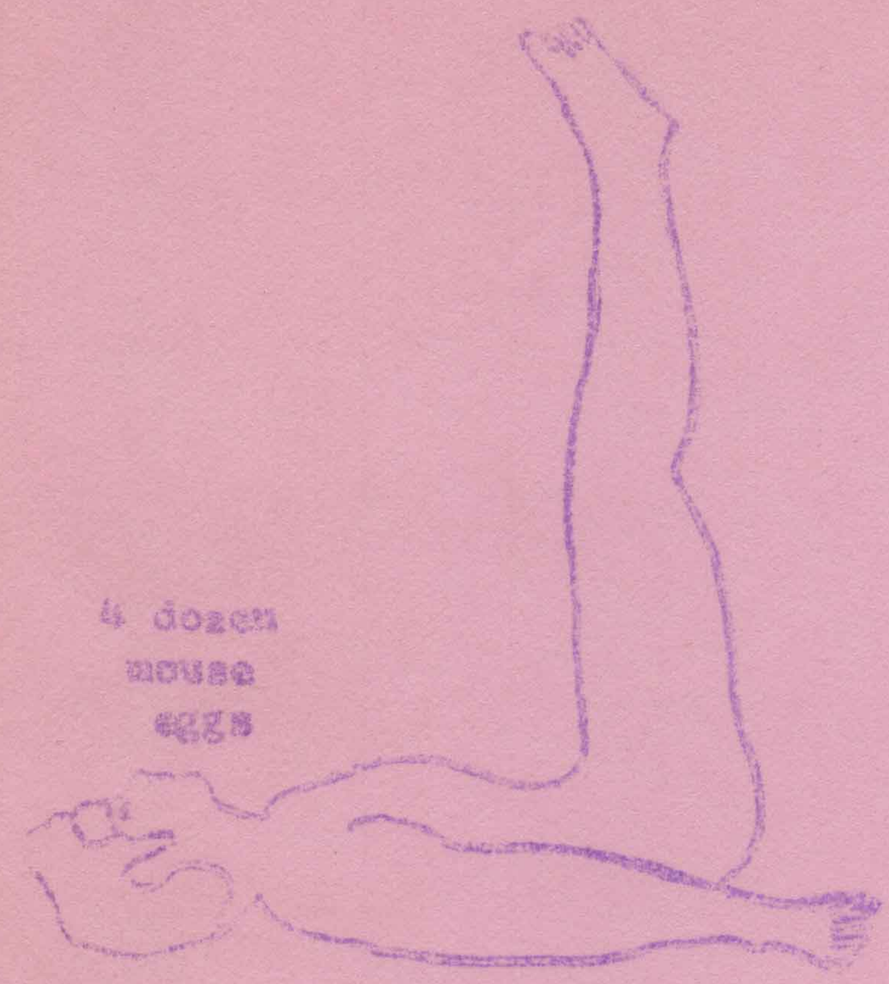
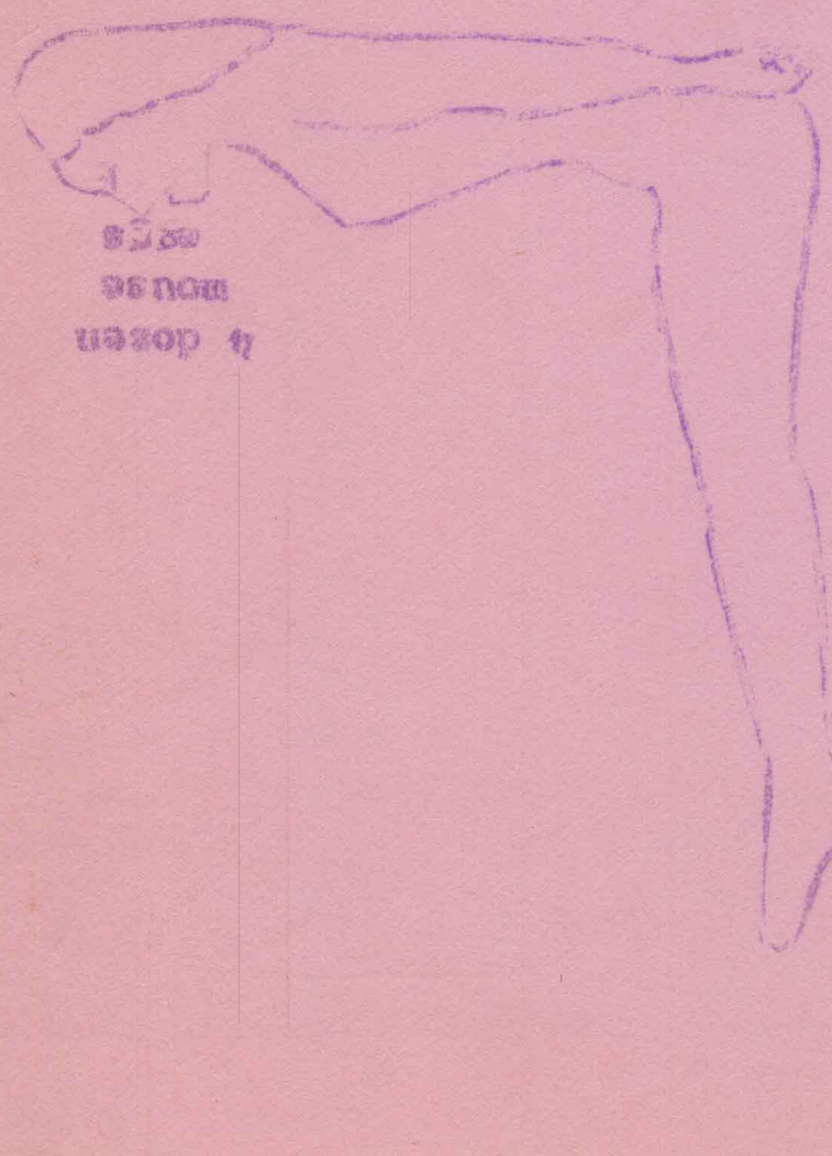
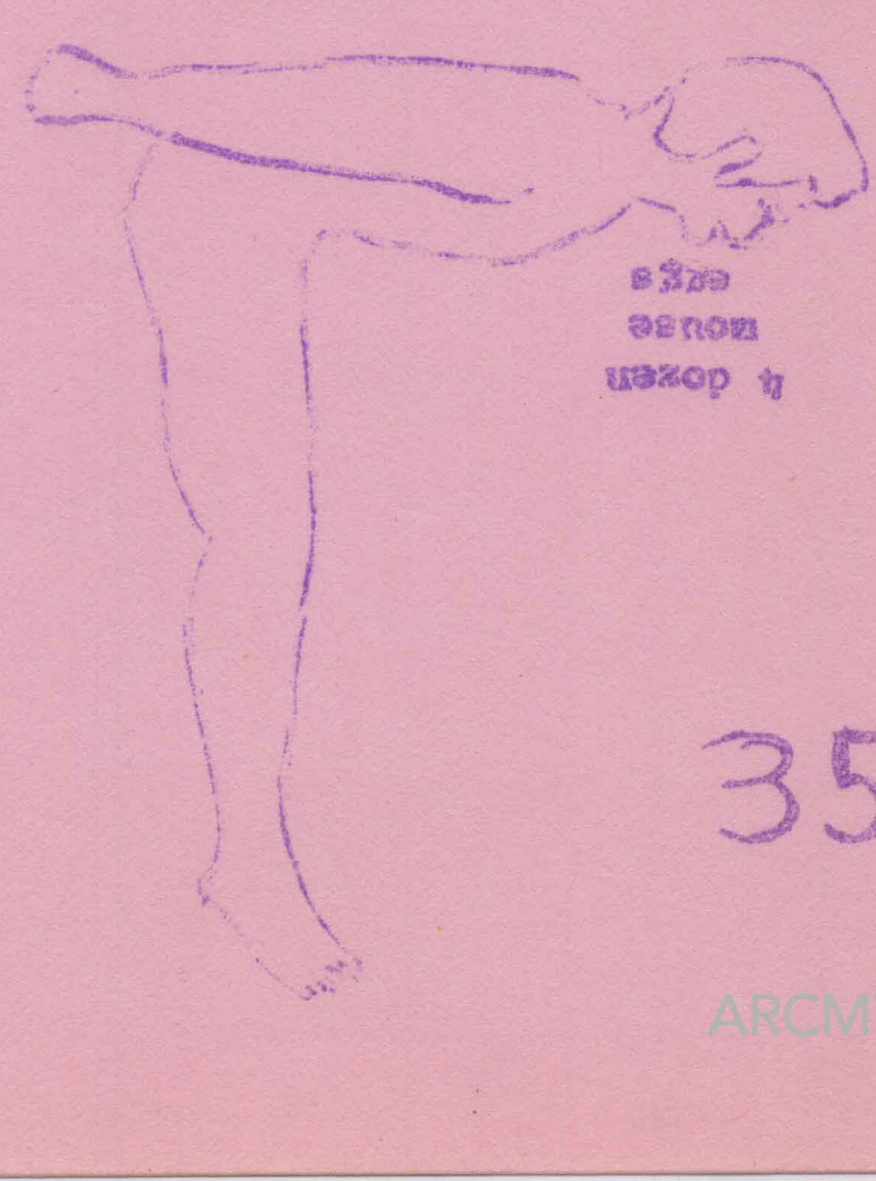


Instead of a secret unedited totally under-
ground fourth issue of the regular mouse
egg dozen the secret editors of mouse eggs
montrealaise bring you this selection of
early submissions by those partiaipating in
THE SECOND ANNUAL SPRING POETRY MARATHON

(typos copyright of poet)





35 ¢

ARCMTL scan 2017

F E A K L I N G S

A flock of mourning doves,
wind-sculptured,
perches on the wire.
One is a weakling,
born late in the summer season.

With impertial symmetry,
a heavy blanket of snow
draws the weak one down
into the frozen earth.
It thrashes momentarily,
smothers,
then lies still.

In the split-level,
under the warm coverlet
of the king-size bed,
your royal arm,
thrown across my body
in careless possession,
crushes me against the mattress.

Why does my dove heart
beat wildly,
suffocating
like a doomed bird,
whose feeble wings
will never open
freedom's midnight sun?

A MORTAL'S PRAYER

Let your beloved voice
sound in a singing stream.
Let the circus of creation spin,
kaleidoscopic, in my brain:
joy, sublimity,
torment, futility,
fragile air-components for which
my lobed lungs long.
Let the pungent smell of earth,
womb-rich, astir with life,
pervade my nostrils.
Let my eyes devour
the plunging purple hills
spilling to the almost-nothingness
of one tiny crawling ant,
no less a marvel.
Let me stroke the trembling softness
of a dappled butterfly-wing.
Oh, let me touch a silken blade of grass,
for death is gnawing close, close,
and I must taste the sun.

ARCMTL scan 2017

Mona Elaine Adilman
Montreal, Canada

BLACK FIRE

Every word is a number
and every number – a word.

The number is the spirit
and all are words
hidden
from those
who come and go.

To forget a letter is to destroy the temple;
for, when the words are formed,
each must relate to the action.
Thus, I learn
and am not ashamed to enter the earth.

In the stillness,
I feel the silver sap of the moon
reach from the coals
until the dark flames
spread twenty- six cosmic letters
formed by fingers tracing the universe
with torch tips.

Beneath a thin veil
lies a hollow
where sparks vibrate from striking flint
and my wisdom rests –
a vintage wine above the lees.

And my skull
contains all these things
while the light extends through the dark room
until I find all the words
in the union of fire and water
living in harmony
on the seventh day.

Here lies the completion of the stone.

And though I finish these words
words I cannot hear
I know there is more to record;
but I hear nothing
until the stone speaks

in black fire upon white fire.

G. C. Ian Burgess
(March 7, 1973)

HOLY FIRE

I stared at the embers
and watched strange shadows
overcome the room,
strange shadows
without bodies
dancing in a settling haze
and then the blackness
and I descended
to a vision of an ancestral land
and numbing primal throbbing
in a sealed vessel;

and nothing existed;

nothing could exist
in the absence of sense,

but the land
and the primeval rites of renewal
wake us
and banish the walls so that
unconscious power becomes
life.

I awake and fly in the magic of flames
transmuting common earth

to super-
natural
knowledge.

I see the catalepsis
of Calvary,
of Golgotha, the Skull,
and I long to touch the golden flowers.
I long to escape the earth –
to float freely beyond finite flasks.

And like the Magi,
I, too, learn peace
in the quest of holy fire.

G. C. Ian Burgess
(November 2, 1973)

ARCMTL scan 2017

Muriel Byer - 336-8827

405 Thompson Apt 101
St-Laurent, Quebec
Montreal H4N 1C4

Poetry 20 lines 5 verses

The Shining Sun

The sun, the bright red sun
Slowly he comes and fiery shines
His light to light the world around
Andmmake the skies so blue, so blue

His breath upon the thirsting land
He showers his living nectar giving
Tree leaves and flowers faces up
To his merry bright face turns

On mountain tops his breath is felt
The snow so white begins to melt
Down over the valleys glide and fall
Falling into lakes, rivers and seas

His warm touch upon the foliage
Bring forth a flood of springing rapture
Flowers, bees and butterflies alike
Jive to his all awakening touch

In summer time so bright he shines
Day after day, higher and hotter his breath
And at noon he seem to take a rest
Before gliding slowly down the west

ARCMTL scan 2017

INTER-RUPTIONS

ritchie carson

the tendril trap.

o come on! just a kiss. how can that upset you? GAWD
i haven't seen you all day. just one kiss. one kiss.
you shouldn't object to that. i mean, you're supposed to like it.
dammit. i always thought you poets were insecure. but this! here
i am giving you a kiss. ONE KISS. you object to a lousy kiss
with no strings...i mean, it w-o-u-l-d be nice if we did make love
BUT all i wanted was one little short kiss one.
the bath was so warm, my body feels...kinda bawdy. the water was
so-o warm, so smooth in its touch, the oil...well, here, smell
for yourself & feel FEEL.

poem?...what poem? oh! you mean that piece of paper.
you know what time it is! and i was late getting here. i mean
what could be so important...afterall,
didn't you just cross it out?

& the iceworms black as punctuation.

goddamn those images which come running
icebergs south to sun & sinking ships.
goddamn them as they come
frozen as they are & hidden
sudden keys beneath their smokey sea
in search of one told secret door
where dance the swallowed passengers
tap-toeing all come in.
COME IN,
the blue-hued welcome you here,
come in, the crystal creaks its echoes
of caves & cracks left gaping along
time ago, along some Northern Shore
here, you can see the cold lick lap
& the iceworms black as punctuation.

THIS SPOT
IS
DEDICATED TO:
A) STUART LITTLE
B) THE DORMOUSE
C) neither of the
above.

image
after
image
I
imagine:
left/
right (index)
fing-ers tap;
ping a/cross
THETYPE
MACHINE
machin-ations.

i'm-age after i'm-age
i before 'magine'
isim/age left
right after
car-bon black on
white flesh of tree
BOND : 20 lbs

in fornication, sometimes
conception takes place.
more often it's for pleasure.

coitus interruptus:
the meter man
pounding on the door.

ARCMTL scan 2017

Blood-red sun descends and
the sea-blue horizon is smeared
with its death agonies.
Day makes an uneasy
truce with Nite-
sacrifices a part of
its earthly territory
leaving only the moon
and the stars behind
to guard the sleep
of civilization.

Grow-black darkness ascends and
the starry sphere is smeared
with indefinite substance.
Nite obliterates the moon's
startled "O"-
incants a part of
its infinite magic
wind whistling tribal chants
thru the skeloton trees.
In sleep, we offer ourselves
up into oblivion.

Catherine Cole

ARCMTL scan 2017

HOUSES: A POEM FOR MY SON

One sprawling, stomach to grass,
legs shadowed in oak and maple,
chin cupped south to sunny fields:
and far the freighters boom and pass
in river shine,
sliding into the first uncertain definitions,
the dappled limits of the body,
rippling from the simple stone-fall
of the primordial house.

Then downstream, past rapids,
under the thunder of the early bridges
and set far back from dream of water,
another, up-flung, the personal pronoun
on small circumference of city-smelling earth:
swing fixed beneath flight of black birds,
baseball and tricycle conjunctions
in parks where each is not the other,
footfall and namecall echoing
in the house of necessary reach.

Wing and wing to the house where all wind rushes,
sloop singing, jibing among the bell-buoys
and the enamelled jewellery of islands,
your little bigness
fashions the bright enigma of its self-defining wake:
temples of river shine enfold you
O my swallow, my sailor
though the deliberate freighters boom
and lag
and overtake.

Frances Davis

ARCMTL scan 2017

CROSSING BACK INTO CANADA AT THE UNITED STATES BORDER AT TWO IN THE MORNING ON THE EVE OF THE AMERICAN BICENTENNIAL WITH NOTHING TO DECLARE BUT MY INDEPENDENCE

Two turds in the greyhound bus toilet.

Very, very, relieved.

THE MOMENT BARED ITS SPURS

At the St. John's museum,

The extinct bones of a Beothuck baby,

Arranged in foetal position,

Lie cradled in an attitude of supplication.

On the bus to Port-aux-Basques,

I pass a car dealer, sales name:

BEOTHUCK NATIONAL FORD.

Raymond Filip

ARCMTL scan 2017

Ici,la terre inculte a des accès de souffle aux frissons
orageux de l'immensité
Ici,l'océan vascille à jamais d'un couvre-lit gris en
suspension constante
Ici,l'horizon plombe et l'universe s'éveint
Damoclès,fatigué,cherche en vain le sommeil
Un oeil fixé sur le demi-jour
Un oeil fermé qui s'invente une nuit
ET,
pourtant,
elle tourne.

Là-bas,une ligne se perd à l'infini,
Mais on la devine, au bout de la coupole
Her-mé-ti-que-ment close
Ici,tu n'existes qu'une solitude,
Désarmée,
Ici,je te creé.

Mais que dire,sinon Oh! que Tes yeux ragent mer-horizon
Déchaineé,délavée
ET l'écume reflète le vert-océan
Sur un ciel d'acier-bleu...

Il est des gens que j'aimerais revoir
Comme il est des printemps que j'aimerais revivre
Et,quelquefois,je ne sais pas pourquoi,
Il me semble vibrer d'une angoisse inutile;
Il me semble serrer une attente illusoire,
Une intuition futile,
Un espoir insensé.
Comme il fut un printemps,au temps de la princesse,
Il était une fois un prince-chevalier
Et,au coin d'un hasard,ou d'une coincidence,
Le carosse doré ramenait Cendrillon

Gilbert Gelinas

ARCMTL scan 2017

Artie Gold

Though the dawn
slips in
like a kiss/
perhaps
we need less
des-
criptive poetry

****

I mean we'd be fucking and suddenly you'd
wince: pain, we'd be miles apart—where,
would that leave me. Say I'd be gently
raking the long of your back the back of a
fingernail, just so slightly would snag
tear down your flesh. shudder, you'd jump
dear you would hit the ceiling. flare up
like phosphorous out of control in water
a different goddess you out of control in air.

ARCMTL scan 2017

Bob Johnson

TORTOLA/B.V.I.

1
Tortola is for writers
And lovers
And drunks
And anyone else
Who needs to be free

2
The moon plays its melody
To the seasons
And only the night people
And those outside enough to try
Ever feel it

3
Life flows in sincere currents
From the eye of the great bay
To the little people miles above

4
From the boat we could see
The phosphorescent streaks of fish;
The moon reflected the ripples
As we drank.

ARCMTL scan 2017

CONSTANCY INSURED

He kissed her goodby
measuring her passion
against the length of his absence,
then - just to be sure,
rubbed garlic juice on her lips -
planted an onion between her breasts,
and in her buttonhole
fastened a black horseradish.

Heavily insured
he soared with his plane
into the assuredly constant blue heavens
- while below, an Italian,
spurred by the estuary of garlic juice
and the soft round curve
of the partially exposed onion -
leaped at the black horseradish
which he plucked,
and ecstatically nibbled.

BLUNDERBUSS

Whenever I hear a man declare
the cunning and wit of his phallus bare,
I ask not for proof, but can only agree
that all his brains are surrounded with hair.

Gertrude Katz

ARCMTL scan 2017

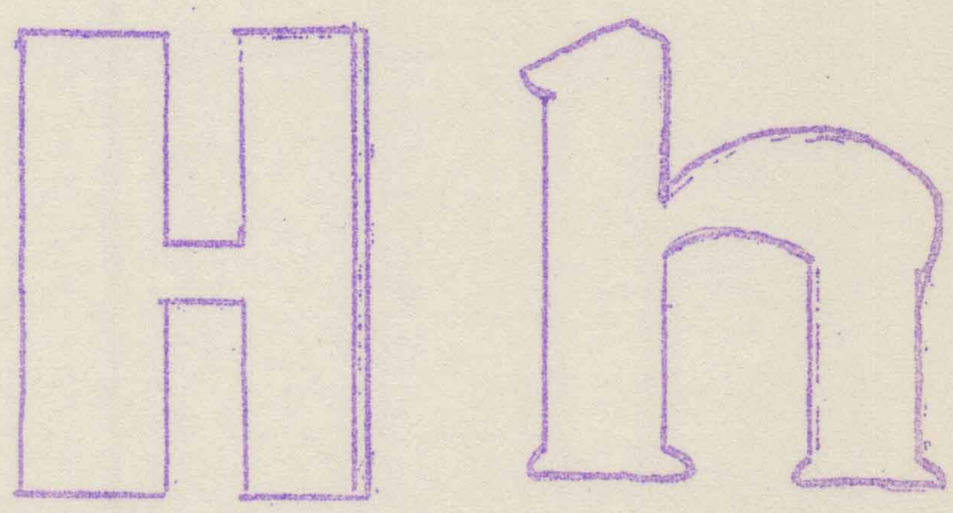
T. KONYVES

Spring or The Premeditated Abduction Of Pierre Laporte, Sealed

I came back and it was gone. I followed a trail
of inkspots to a lake not to be sneezed at.
There, to my surprise, the wheelbarrow, rain
beating on it. The white chickens (23)
Had long since turned blue, the (cup) was empty.
How long has it been, I wondered.

You can make all the pronouncements you wish
it's not worth the spool it's threaded on.

The angels sang Holy! Holy!
We killed the winter with snowballs. How now, brown?



ARCMTL scan 2017

AN EXERCISE FOR A WINTER NIGHT
(dedicated to A.I.)

orion playing cupid
carries his message
deep beyond any song
when, finally, through the parted curtains
i catch sight of his sprawling
for beside the moon

it is almost 4
hours past the prescribed time
& you have already
left your eye-print on
the middle star of
orion's belt
as you stood for a minute,
quietly,
outside a steely building on a campus
where pink trees
grow in the summer

but here there were
clouds before and,
standing obediently by the porch,
i only glimpsed
a few occasional stars
before they sought fresh cover

still i felt a thin
whisper on my skin
while the wind reflected
the white snow
under the pure high sounds of
the domineering moon

& yet our eyes are nowhere
our glances shot ruthlessly
into space

but if no black holes trip up their feet
& if we've been good navigators
they'll meet in several hundred light-years
in the fire of the proper star

-feb 13, 1976

Helen Kosacky

ARCMTL scan 2017

home coming home

the first thing is
watching myself
open the door
to this unfamiliar
interior what 'casa' is this,
who's putting whose foot
onto polished wood,
what world is this
outside this window

somewhere are cactus flowers
but not outside this window
somewhere another geranium
but tall as a house, and
another copy of Technicians of the Sacred
right now lying on a stone ledge
somewhere else, in myself,
somewhere else a dark blue sweater
moving with life in some city sun
somewhere else right here in my blood
a jacaranda tree, brown babies,
a cup of steaming chocolate

claudia lapp

ARCMTL scan 2017

The Solid Composition of My Body

by Carol H. Leckner

Once I watched my body
decompose before its time
Washed down a cliffside
and angled under rocks
it flagellated kelplike
though a few minutes alive
underneath.

I could feel my skin disintegrate
and hair fall out in sgrands
I bashed against the rocks and hit
all aides, I saw the solid
decomposition of my body.

Yachts that pass through the canal
ride the waves quite easily
but when we went walking
down there, a young child slipped
and screamed.

Today, a Cape Cod gas station
has me on its curb
I pick the pimple of this memory.
No sun or storn can clean it away:
in the mirror I see my hair fall out
and teeth grow soft in my gums.

I ride
this vacation
in wonderment
at the solid composition
of my body.

15 July 75

ARCMTL scan 2017

OBJECT OV SACRIFICE

Let the left hand know
What the right is doing
Reconnect the hemis-fears.

The left hand forms
A cross of serpent jaws
Offering forbidden fruit.
The right forms human jaws
Falling together biting
Spiked teeth splinter
The limbs of the peacemaker.
He's the dupe of the Devil
Until the halo of death
Redeems Him in our sight.

So history spirals outward
Splitting the shoulders
Of the Nazarene Synthesist.
We crucify the rebel
Who subverts us to freedom
As we ingest the fruit
Without which we cannot live.

ARCMTL scan 2017

Borrowings

Let us go then, you and I,
Come let us feast our eyes,
When the world is puddle-wonderful
Under the twinkling of a fading star.
It's time to bid farewell to one's
Own self, it's not ideas about the thing,
But the thing itself,
That had somewhere to get to and sailed
Calmly on between the desire and the spasm
And that made all the difference.
I learn by going where I have to go but,
I saw the best minds of my generation
Men and women (both dong and ding)
Unreal tall as a myth
Like petals on a wet, black bough:
An encroachment of the old catastrophe.

No! I am not prufrock,nor was meant to be,-
Though I sang my chains like the sea,
Far and wee-
Though I let be finale of seem
And light attend me to the grave
I shall never get you put together entirely
Because he touched your perfect body
With his mind when lilacs last
In the dooryard bloom'd.

Will you have miles to go before you sleep,
Will you go with a bang or a whimper,
Will being pay the rent of seem
Till progress is a comfortable disease?
Have you stopped to consider
Underwear in the abstract or desolation
In public places, even statis in darkness
Where success is counted sweetest and
There is a loveliness exists
In what is past, or passing or to come?

Beyond all this, I have done it again:
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow
So I can rage,rage against the dying
Of the light, with a decent happiness
As the women come and go; they are
Small purple surprises
All watched over by machines of loving grace
The tall camels of the spirit.

A poem should not mean, but be...
A wave, interminably flowing,
Delicious
So sweet and so cold...
Spreadeagled in the empty air of existance.

John Lehndorff

ARCMTL scan 2017

Orin Manitt

AMBERLIGHT

Whoever heard of a surreal sea
somewhere in the smoky blue
crackling into the eye
like tin-foil
ready to snap wide open
just when everyone is turning away?

Still, rainbow days run smouldering
there
under a convolution of hills
yelling up to canopies of oak and elm
illustrious
because they came with the place
and never shared the secret

  amid the claims of the larger folk
  and their shuffling answers
  lost to all the whistling seasons
  these days can ever know.

While the tide breaks anyway
soaking the hills
as easy as rainwater
with splintering fragments that star
the longest hours
always, as the trees grow smaller
until we can stand it no more
and bend our prisms into amberlight

  not knowing if we seek the courage
  to remember or the wisdom to forget;
  or the question
  that can only give way to the sea.

ARCMTL scan 2017

Painting

C.W. Marchant

painting a stone
on a blue sky
moving
(not still)

opening and robbing
the air dropping

dropping

the weapon drops
stabbing
water's blue ice secrecy

splashing

in the dark
a fish floats

belly up

looking

looking

at you

in my dead body

ARCMTL scan 2017

John McAuley

end of the interglacial

in icicle park at the monument of dying birds
guardian lions wear blue wigs of transvestite snow
along my street, men dressed in norwegian sweaters leap
around front doors too stunned to squeek
little men with sardine moustaches & second hands raising the hoods
of uninsured refrigerators
i should tell you that
when this happens
it is the time the dog parts acquire their beginning

children pass me wrapped with scarves for mouths
children on their way to classroom holdups
where coats shiver on frozen finger hooks
where radiators hiss "touch, don't touch-"
where there is a constant circulation
of long extinct creations
of curious relations between the living & the dead

the grey breath becomes a crushing weight
teeth spill across the milky stars
we speak of particular trances
of their thick interiors where
the minutes in all essential respects
are comparable to tiny crystals &
we try to shield ourselves with our armorial rock &
drag heat with us over the shadowy slope of the year

while at the fat equator
the sun's rays bend between treasure islands
covered with tarnished palms there
i might swim in a soupy aquamarine
take my chances in the barracuda shallows
forget the stink of wool & other aspects
of claustraphobic simplicity
as the animal in me would start to thin

ARCMTL scan 2017

Upon Receiving a Letter

Feeling your thoughts

The taste of you

Is yet bitter in my mouth

I pity you more

Than I hate me

For changing one I loved

Into yet another dildo on two legs.

Elizabeth Metcalfe

ARCMTL scan 2017

I am aiming for the hermetic statement
for the totally inaccessible wotnot

for stardust & gibberish
& a wind that blows up suddenly

& rubs its back against the side of the house
creating new music and new seasons

spring is a butterfly that passes
before our eyes & then is gone

a sound that is shaped like a mouth
& then two sounds which hold lengthy conversations

& finally a blizzard in which there is only one sound
which is a finger rubbing across a pane of glass

and outside of the window
we notice that the stars

have assumed new places in the cosmos
thereby creating in the morning newspapers

a thirteenth astrologic sign

we live at 4350 montclair avenue & it is
the 10 millionth house on this street

which stretches around the world
and then passes by the front door

& from the picture window we are watching all humanity
pass by in search of a job or a piece of meat

or a bit of bread to gnash between gums
either cadillacs or a silver arrow

or a horserace or a bullock cart & all of china
comes wearing a blue suit made of cotton

shavers plumbers carpenters & actors
& wifebeaters & horseback riders & chaucer

the buddha boethius a bronze replica of igor stravinsky
the pope & the entire olympic team representing

several outlying planets & beyond
pass & the 4 horsemen pass

until all humanity passes
with their collective bundles of worry & anxiety

a barking dog dostoyevsky's desk executions
in bangladesh & the north prairie

of snow & wind & a season in heaven & a season in hell

ARCMTL scan 2017

- stephen morrissey 8-3-76

THE NIGHT SHALL BE FILLED WITH MUSIC

Loathing swept over him like a clammy sea:
the drum thumped, cymbals sizzled,
the bouquet of gin stuffed the air,
and the endless mellow trumpet's golden
braying mouth probed and prodded
the memory:

How jaded she looks
under this brittle, this bitter light!
what god has brought us to these rites?
what promptings to self-sacrifice
dismissed our moderation, urged
surrender of our sacred selves?
Why does she not rebel? Her eyes
suggest submission: submission to me?
her deity myself? Shall I . . .?

But it was not to a god she turned
to draw him back with a subtle arm,
a silken-sheathed insinuating arm.
No god, an escort. She would have a dance.
And so they moved into movement
and became more like a figured pillar
as the light dimmed with memory
of prosaic day--and they more fused.
And it seemed they bowed, once in a while,
to the mad muse of the thumping drum
while a natural force of attraction
circling about the artifices
of the dance, made them bow together
until content to immolate themselves
still isolated, one to the other,
and lose the madness of the drum
in unsyncopated natural heartbeat,
at first losing only the madness,
then the drum itself under wide heavens
with dew-polished stars, and cool moist breath
of night, and fragrant-breathing trees . . .

Sweetness washed over him like autumn rains.

Dick Mundel

ARCMTL scan 2017

KEN NORRIS

Each time I fall from Grace
I have to borrow the neighbor's
Stilts to get back up. Seriously
Though, Dante's Inferno is selling
At Cheap Thrills for 49¢.

My old friend Joe made love
To a fallen angel in the 3rd pew
From the back of the Immaculate
Conception church. Look what
Happened. He became heir to
40,000 of God's green acres.

Religion aside, God's been on
A tentative vacation for the last
300 years. One day he got tired
Of listening to the umpteenth
Boring confession and lit out for
The other side of the universe.
I still worship him from afar.

ARCMTL scan 2017

Leslie Nutting

THREE POEMS

Escapology

Everyone wants
to be astonished.
Especially me.
Swathe me in ropes,
belts,
lock me in heavy chains,
drop me into an iron box.
I do not feel
like a victim.

Sink me to the bottom
of the St. Lawrence.
I am still waiting
for myself to come out.

You Heal Yourself

When you were young
they said you'd never walk
they said your eyes would fail-
congenital. But you
didn't believe them.
You hunched your shoulders,
coiled yourself,
You are the great
escapologist.

You burst from your childhood
like an egg,
and fly past us,
self contained,
straight as an arrow.

Now

Now you can see
why I wanted to be an escapologist.
Again and again
we go through the routine.
You tie me up with love.
You bind your age to me.
You hang home around my neck.
And manacle hysteria to my feet.
I am pushed out into the river.

Miraculously I emerge
in midstream, with my head above water
shrieking like a bird.

ARCMTL scan 2017

Inge (Mrs M.) Packer

Untitled...

The young shed us
like a snake its old skin.
You see it there, bloodless,
shrugged into a corner,
suggesting scraps of
yellowed newsprint.

In my birdhouse
the swallows laugh;
soar upwards, relieved now
of myriad feeding trips
that had swept them low
above ground.

In spring
they meet their young again,
head on, in a bitter fight
for possession of the nest.

ARCMTL scan 2017

IGLOOMANIA

I think it was in 1968
before all the glass and chromium stores
got into the primitive Eskimo art business
that you began collecting bits of fossils
old bones and carved teeth

your theory,
fashionable at the time
praised the recycled items
on vague organic grounds

perversely I constructed an immense plastic igloo
perfect conv
it was even the proper temperature
and insisted it was "primitive"
in the etymological sense of that word

you called it an elaborate mockery
instance of a frightening inability
to take anything seriously
hatred of self
hatred of you

fortunately it was at this time
I met the experimental dentist
who removed my canines
and fashioned them into a clever backscratcher
for your birthday

I think you cared
more for the theoretical perfection of it all
than for the sacrifice of my teeth
which would have fallen out anyway

--Edward palumbo

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Robert Rayher

THROUGH THE WINDOW

The trees swim like watercolors
Then retreat to trunks in green flames

Trapped

Fish
    Struggling inside fishbowls
Clouds
    In the grain of a photograph
A face
    Mirrored

Resting against glass
Testing its flexing
Its Firmness

Its visions
Sharp
Splinters
And edges

THREAD THROUGH THE LABYRINTH

two trails
a lion's
a woman's
lay across the landscapes
like tangled twines

tied
like train tracks traveling parallel
encompassing a sliver of life
between elongated parentheses
and striding across vacuums
which spread between sleepers
like calendar squares
vacuums equal yet diminishing
materializing into solidity
photographs and retouched memories
plans and fantasies
diary pages which lead like fate
to the rails' ends

today
the tracks lie straight together
inseperably intertwined
in reality's silent sphinx steps

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Morning at Sand Pond

light breaks about the body

in the pines
a phoebe stammers out its name
among moss
yellow mushrooms burgeon
where the stream lies
lambent in its silken bed

light breaks

in the head
bright cosmos wheels and chatters
words are said that leaping
from the lips
entice the limbs to take the day

light breaks about the body

.....

Words for a dying mother

<u>In the hospital garden</u>

now
as day spills
into the cup of night
one last light
plays on the petunias
fixing
like a photograph
forever
now

<u>At night</u>

pull down the shades
fold up your skin
    its wrinkles run
    like rivers from the past
    old times are rattling
    in your bones

before you sleep
turn
speak to me
at last

.....

Elizabeth Richards

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they say we cannot change
the wrong though wealth
abounds for the chosen few
the rest must try to understand
you get what you deserve
misery & sickness hunger & poverty
don't spare our door.
they tell us we must wait for
salvation-death is the
enterance to Paradise-we shall
work for death?
oh buddha, moses, jesus, krishna
i petition you, leave us be!
let your salvation moulder in the
ground with you-they have haunted
us for too long those
wandering spirits.
it is time for salvation
but let it be through our fists
our sweat our blood for it
is we who made this world
not some fat little cherub perched
upon a wispy cloud.

Tears of Laughter

you cried when the dead were
    buried
in Bangla-Desh (you gave)
you cried when the dead were
    uncovered
in My Lai (you gave)
you cried when the children were
    dying
in hungry India (you gave)

but when the others stopped their work
asking for a little more, you stopped crying
long enough to tell the lazy bastards
to get back to work....

how I laughed,
                laughed,
                        laughed all all day long.

Allen Roth

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Ray Shankman

for Shimon

ISRAELI HEAT

Dizengoff's hot cats fan kaleidescopic tails
to the left to the right from the river of torrent
to the Euphrates purring against the sun
a narcissistic parade of bouncing flesh
flexing throbbing undulating swivelling
muscles breasts hips bums
skin tight skin flowing
image upon image Levantine:
Ashkenazic Berlin, vaccuous, randy, disco Rome
twiggy London, posh and pubic, fat New York -
penthouse to playploy harlequins and mannequins -
all caught up in staccato tempos, the march
of knockwurst & beer, wine & cheese, soft whip & pizza
Sephardic 'big Macs' eyeing the universe through
party fumes, walking, sitting, standing
vagrants, loitering on the borders of consciousness
strutting peeking bobbing peacocks, pigeons
squirrels, foxes, chicks, doves and hawks,
with the eagle of doom lurking in the first highrise
to ever disgrace haaretz, while
rapacious rabbits hand in doorways darkened with tears,
hyenas track the macho lion,
vultures circle in defeat, dive in despair,
no match for the falafel fellowship behind the bend
of the last rock show.

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HARLAND SNODGRASS

MARATHON

They come to me in twos and threes, now,
My Somnambulistic Angels,
My Fugitives from Daylight...
    One hangs a scar upon my tit,
    One sticks a finger in my brain,
    One takes me to her pit
    And tries to bring me sleep again.

I'd ask them not to bother
you too much, Dear (Be
cause, yes, they're just
my friends) But
God
This bed is such a lonely place
when you're in it.

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TENANT'S PRAYER

Knife in hand, hungry for the bread,
thankful to have it,
I surprise my heart
by wanting to slice off a finger.

Why? To appease some god
jealous of my stomach?
To prevent the further demand,
say, for another organ?

I laugh and force my eyes
to focus on the bread and board,
the butter on the table, where
my family sits at supper.

I am a reasonably happy man
I argue, full of pious virtue
and well-loved for more basic
behaviors...in truth a solid citizen.

But the impulse remains: a belly
hunger to hammer down a
bank door with my head, or
run a police car off a cliff.

I'd love to see a goose turning in a spit
over my living room floor, ablaze with coals
from ten years' heating bills:

Let's return to nature red in tooth and claw?

My face has just become a mask.

I should flay it off, flick it away.

But if all these thoughts are dreams
won't I still be left bleeding afterwards?

So instead
I'll cut the bread
and praise
my days.

ARI SNYDER

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poem

whatever i have seen is
dim reflection of sunlight,
the memory of dust flash of face

in a mirror's tarnish,
the pinpoint fire flshes
from the motes clinging

to the glass face in the beam
of gold energy from a near window
and the motes somersaulting

in the in between free air
all dancing all turning together with
the turning earth that swings the sun

through the room and through
the chambers of eyes remembering
how all danced equally and well

the dust clinging the dust swimming
the sun, earth, window, turning
to glass where your face

in a shower of gold flashed
in memory of another life
in the form of mine

richard sommer

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PAUL WALKER

Hung by false nails in false wood
the plaster Christ stares down his chipped nose.
An odour of sanctity pervades the room.
Lilacs bloom outside the open window.

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Kite

Chery and I went for a walk tonight

boots muffled in the snow

that fell past the street lights

and lay strewn around

like dime store glitter

through the white branches the sky was

soft pink

each step sent a spray of snow

around our ankles

as we walked past the warm houses

some of the porch lights were yellow

the light softening the air around them

Chery found a plastic kite

in someone's garbage

neatly stacked beside an unshoveled walk

we pulled the kite behind us

the blue and yellow streamers

left a long trail

as it silently followed us

Pat Walsh

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